

## The Critic and Good Literature

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### Have We "Forty Immortals?"

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

France has her Academy—her 'Forty Immortals,' about whom *The Century* has recently told us so much. Why then should not the United States have a similar institution? Have we not forty living men-of-letters whose names would honor such an Academy? I myself am sure we have, and I should like to get the votes of other readers of THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE on this subject. Will you kindly constitute yourself a ballot-box for the election?

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 23, 1884.

H. O. W.

[We shall be glad to act as a ballot-box in so good a cause. To those who desire to cast their votes, we would say that our correspondent's idea is, to get from each of them the names of the forty native American authors of the sterner sex whom they deem most worthy of a place in a possible American Academy. The representatives of all branches of literature should, of course, be included—historians, poets, playwrights, novelists, scientific writers, theologians, etc. The voting may be continued throughout the Month of March, and in the issue of THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE of April 5 we will give the result of the count. Names should be written plainly, on only one side of the sheet, and the lists should be sent in as early as possible.]

### German Literature in France.

VICTOR HUGO once confided to his friend Tourguéneff the reason why he did not like Goethe,—that he had read the latter's play of 'Wallenstein' and thought it 'pas grand chose.' This amusing statement may rank with the naïve confession of Dumas *fils* on the occasion of his writing a preface to Bacharach's translation of 'Faust,'—that he knew just enough German to ask his way, to buy his railway tickets, and to order his dinner. Such happy ignorance, however, did not deter the son from reviewing the German masterpiece with the same aerial effrontery which had led the father to plunder the dramas of Goethe and Schiller for his own productions, while adding by way of comment, rather than of justification, the confident remark: 'L'homme de génie ne vole pas: il conquiert.'

But Sedan has taught the French more than one lesson. The astounding familiarity of the German army with all the peculiarities of a hostile environment proved to the somewhat contemptuous foeman that knowledge is really power; and the hint has not failed of its effect. Whereas English, before 1870, was a favorite foreign language in French schools, German has now begun visibly to encroach, and transrhine authors are studied with increasing assiduity. Signs of the growing interest are manifest in the number of works touching upon German literature, either by way of translation or of elucidation, which have appeared in France since the war; for it will be safe to say that within the last dozen years as many publications have been issued in France having reference to the German language and Ger-

man authors as during the three decades previous to the Franco-Prussian struggle. Due in part as this increased interest may also be to the growing cosmopolitanism of the age, it must be attributed in large measure to the perhaps unwelcome conviction forced upon France that her military rival is her peer in letters too. Rome in these days is to conquer Greece in arts as well as arms. The first advances indeed were made in slightly deprecatory guise. It was the fashion in Germany, just after the restoration of the Empire, for the prefaces of even the most peaceful productions to contain some ardent allusion to the events of 1870-71, while the task on the other side of the Rhine was to evade such allusion in works referring to German literature, or to half apologize for laboring in such a hostile field. To those dealing with Goethe, to be sure, the difficulty was less formidable. Dumas exclaims that masterpieces belong to whatever land may comprehend them, and that since Delacroix and Gounod have been inspired in painting and music by the creation of Goethe, it belongs to France as well as to Germany. Mézières recalls the French bias which Goethe had received in his youth, and his later attachment to the most cultivated nation of Europe, and maintains that Goethe was too superior to his countrymen to be their representative, instead of a representative of the whole human race. To admire Goethe, says Mézières, is not to admire Germany, still less Prussia, of which Goethe himself was little enamoured. It is true that even the most patriotic of Frenchmen can scarcely have cause to feel animosity against the man who was charged in his own country with a decided admiration for Napoleon; who never uttered injurious words against his Gallic neighbors; whose attendance upon the Duke of Weimar during the French campaign of 1792 was so perfunctory that on the way he sent back to Weimar for copies of Italian madonnas, mingled his papers on optics with the military charts, and found no more martial employment on the battle-field than to study the effects of the 'cannon fever' on his own constitution; and who, finally, was in sympathy with the intellectual movements of young France in 1830, and received homage from the rising writers of that epoch. It is not among men of learning that the most inveterate national prejudices are generally fostered. The Republic of Letters has no political boundaries. Not long after the peace of Frankfort had been concluded, the librarian of the great ducal library at Weimar, whose literary connections spread into every part of the world, discovered that with one exception all his French correspondents had, of their own accord, resumed their communications.

It is a welcome sign to notice the growth of a more sympathetic appreciation of German literature among the French, and when once the systematic study of this literature is established, the very contrariety of temperament between the two nations will be far from disadvantageous. Those who are sufficiently interested will be repaid by turning their attention to the graceful and penetrating criticisms of French writers who have already dealt intelligently with Teutonic productions. The point of view from which they approach their subjects is so novel, their faculty of neat and happy analysis finds so fertile a field for occupation, while the absolute ability of expression which their language affords is so united with absolute fearlessness in its use, that the impressions gained from a perusal are fresh and stimulating and valuable. We will not say that the analysis is always profound, or that it does not sometimes betray inadequate preparation. But it is piquant and pungent, never dull, often unique. Among the French scholars who have thus devoted themselves to the examination of this neighboring literature could be mentioned Blaze de Bury, Mézières, Lichtenberger, Caro, Cherbuliez, Edmond Scherer, Joret, Hallberg, Bossert and Heinrich; and a more careful survey would undoubtedly exhibit a host of equally diligent workers in the same domain.

It is sometimes whispered that one powerful motive in

the recent impulse toward the study of German in France is the desire to be found better equipped for the fray, should ever a day of reckoning come for the loss of the Rhine provinces. Any one chancing to hear at the Sorbonne of late the impassioned Alsatian *lectrice* who rouses her audience to angry ardor by her fervid and thrilling recitation of patriotic songs against the German,—a performance repeated throughout the provinces,—would be inclined to give some credence to the whisper. The most thoughtful among the French may not want war; but they certainly cannot help wishing to be indemnified for what is past, and this indemnification may possibly come in a manner unlooked-for. A wider acquaintance with the finest literary monuments of adjacent peoples may prove no unimportant factor in hastening the time for which Goethe labored, when universal culture shall banish national hatred.

HORATIO S. WHITE.

### Reviews

#### Courthope's Life of Addison.\*

THERE is a conspiracy among Addison's biographers to present him to the world as a man but little lower than the angels, a model of character and conduct. Not content with the Addison, they insist on the Joseph also, and will scarcely allow the poor fellow a single foible. Both Macaulay and Mr. Courthope hold briefs for their hero, and the special pleading they employ does credit to their ingenuity. In order to canonize Addison, it is necessary to give the lie to Pope, to throw suspicion upon Warburton, to impute spite to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and to put the young Lord Warwick completely out of court. So much for contemporary evidence. Tradition fares no better. The story that Addison's end was hastened by intemperance is dismissed for lack of contemporary evidence, hand in hand with the tradition of his unhappy married life. One is reminded of the reasoning in the leading case of *Wolf vs. Lamb*, as reported by *Æsop*. Probably Addison's defenders are right in the main, but their zeal begets doubt rather than confidence. We want the truth; we care nothing for the success or failure of Addison's candidature for sainthood. Steele, like Addison, was a charming essayist; the sermons of the Rev. Laurence Sterne were very affecting in their day; yet the morals of these two moralists still want a champion.

One cannot close one's ears to the testimony of Addison's contemporaries; but the standard of that age was far from high, and we prefer to let the undisputed facts of his career speak for themselves. He was a placeman or a pensioner nearly all his life, and his first political office was bought with a poem, written to order as the result of a bargain with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was the influence of Halifax which placed this chance in his way, and it was the influence of Halifax, or of Sunderland, or of some other Minister, which procured him all his preferments. Mr. Courthope seems to regard Addison's political advancement as due solely to his 'genius and capacity.' We confess our scepticism. If Addison had not been 'the best company in the world,' would he, temperate politician as he was, have been chosen Secretary of State? He had rendered no service to the nation; in Parliament he had been dumb; no conspicuous fitness marked him as the man for the post. We think we do Addison no injustice in assuming him to have been less scrupulous on the score of delicacy than an English gentleman of our own time is bound to be. His character seems to us consistent enough, but his ideal was lower. Thrift is laudable; and Addison, who had enriched himself in office, sued his old friend Steele for debt. Social ambition is well; and Addison was married at forty-five to the widow of an earl. Love of approbation is common to all; and Addison best loved those who praised him best. These are not high crimes and misdemeanors, but neither

are they things to brag of. His many virtues we are not called upon to recount; they will need no herald while Macaulay is read. Let him rest in peace, but at least we will write no lies over his tomb.

We do not care to examine the merits of his feud with Pope, for nothing is more unprofitable than to rake over the ashes of extinct literary quarrels. Pope seems to have put himself very much in the wrong, and to have played the falsifier as well as the backbiter in his account of the affair. But Mr. Courthope concedes that 'there is independent evidence to show that Addison was strongly influenced by that literary jealousy which makes the groundwork of the ideal character' of Atticus in Pope's satire. A caricature which lacks all resemblance to its subject fails of its purpose, and Pope was too keen a swordsman, as well as too malignant a hater, not to aim his thrust at a vital spot. Perhaps the line, 'so obliging that he ne'er obliged,' satirizes in Addison an amiability of the 'canna be feshed' type, a shield of suavity which is but another form of egoism.

Mr. Courthope's chapter on Letters after the Restoration is a well-written sketch of the condition of taste and morals prior to the English Revolution. That on Addison's Genius is marked by fairness and discrimination, and in matters of criticism the reader may trust himself implicitly to Mr. Courthope's guidance. Out of many quotable passages we select two which well summarize his view of his author's claims to recognition: 'To estimate Addison at his real value we must regard him as the chief architect of Public Opinion in the Eighteenth Century.' 'Of [the ideal of] woman as the companion and the helpmate of man, the source of all the grace and refinements of social intercourse, . . . it is not too much to say that [it] was the creation of *The Spectator*.' Mr. Courthope endeavors to break the force of Macaulay's argument that Addison was not well-read in the Greek classics, but we think unsuccessfully. His theory of a joint-authorship in the character of Sir Roger de Coverley is better founded; and we are glad to see tardy justice done to the literary merits of Steele. Mr. Courthope's monograph can never supersede Thackeray and Macaulay, but it is a sound and thorough performance, and what it lacks in interest may be attributed to the nature of its subject.

#### "Newport."\*

IT IS NOT EASY to see why, after gathering together some very pleasant material, Mr. Lathrop should think it essential to give this material to the public in the form of a novel. Probably no good short novel was ever written unless a central conception, either plot or idea, first formed itself in the author's mind. Trollope is said to have begun one of his most successful stories with a handful of characters without any idea of what he should finally do with them; but Trollope's novels are whole family biographies. In a short story such as 'Newport' there should certainly be a dominant plan; but Mr. Lathrop's accessories seem to be first in his mind, as they certainly remain first in the reader's. His plots are so singular,—'far-fetched,' to use an old-fashioned term,—that they give the impression of having been sought after with great diligence. As an excuse for the tempting 'accessories' of a story of Newport, it would have been enough for his cold and worldly widow to throw over his dull and commonplace widower from mere caprice; but it is a more elaborate scaffolding which Mr. Lathrop finally prepares for plot. The widower finds among his wife's effects an old love-letter containing an offer of marriage from a gentleman with whose widow Oliphant has but just become acquainted. He is troubled with conscientious doubts whether he ought not to show the letter to the widow, and even consults a friend. Having just decided that it would be needless cruelty to inflict upon her, he learns that gossip, owing to the 'friend,' has revealed to the widow the

\* Joseph Addison. By W. J. Courthope. 75 cents. (English Men-of-Letters.) New York: Harper & Bros.

\* Newport. By George Parsons Lathrop. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



existence of the letter. The next incongruous step is that the widow insists on seeing it. Oliphant demurs, but finally sends it, after which she suffers 'agony,' rather of rage than of sorrow, and eventually throws him over as a fine bit of revenge. We think we need go no farther in support of our opinion that, as a story, 'Newport' is a failure.

When we come to the descriptive element, however, there is much cleverness and some genuine pathos. Mr. Lathrop has described only one side of Newport, life—the fashionable side—which was apparently only located in Newport for the sake of casual descriptions of the Casino, the fox-hunt, or the polo ground; but he has described exceedingly well what he set out to describe. We have quoted from month to month some of his 'good things,' and the paragraphs too long for quotation then are too long for quotation now. The death of little Effie, too, is in its way a masterpiece of description; as good as the long famous death of little Dombey, if indeed it is not better by reason of being wholly realistic, and relying for effect on no 'shining river on the wall,' but wholly on the pathos of the incident itself, the death of a little child. When it comes, however, to the accident on the Sound, we read the whole account entirely unmoved. The terrible scene is not made any more terrible than we knew it to be, and the description is in no way superior to that in the daily papers.

As to local color, the Newport of Mr. Lathrop is certainly not that Newport which a large class of residents and visitors seek because it is 'equally removed from the virtues of Boston and the vices of New York.' It is certainly removed from the virtues of any place, even from its own, but the vices of New York are rampant. Indeed, Mr. Lathrop's Newport is New York, temporarily airing its pansy bonnets in the Newport air. All this does 'go on' in Newport at a certain season of the year; but there is another Newport,—a Newport of sunny leisure and refined 'good times,'—a Newport where intellect relaxes from the composition of Battle Hymns, to commemorate that luxurious piazza.

'All shaded up with vines;  
And the imps and the nymphs they look through;  
You can see the New York boat with its mighty engines,  
And the boat, if it likes, can see you!'

It is a Newport where you never know what pleasant thing may be at hand; it may be a moonlight drive around the Point (the aristocrats never drive after dark: it would be such a waste of toilette); or a morning on that piazza at the 'Pint,' reading Emerson; it may be a run in the pony phaeton across the second beach,—wild and lonely and glorious as if no pansy bonnet existed this side of Paris; or an unconventional dip in the delicious surf, unconventional because at Newport, so far as the sea is concerned, it is the aristocratic who are the Great Unwashed; or it might be a dinner with the Warings at the Hypothenuse; or a walk with Col. Higginson; or a row with Clarence King; or a 'Blue Tea' at Julia Ward Howe's; or even a talk with H. H. But no one puts all this into a novel, because no one wishes it to be known that he has lived in Newport without frequenting that fashionable world which we all despise with the ardor of Mrs. Skewton, but which we all, apparently, care most to hear about, if the literary supply is any indication of the demand.

#### "The Question of Ships." \*

In 1881 the subject chosen by the U. S. Naval Institute for its annual competitive essay was 'Our Merchant Marine: The Causes of its Decline and the Means to be Taken for its Revival.' Eleven essays were submitted, and the one selected for the prize by the committee to whom they were referred was written by Lieut. Kelley. To this the author has added a discussion of the present condition

of our naval marine and the proper method of rebuilding it, bringing the subject down to the present date. The result is a convenient little duodecimo, entitled 'The Question of Ships.' The subject is one of wide bearing, and if it is difficult to do justice to it in a small book, it is quite impossible in a few words of review to either refute or indorse any of the arguments which the book contains. The author gives the usual statistics of the well-known fact that in the last thirty years our foreign carrying trade has diminished from 82 per cent to 15 per cent of our foreign commerce. He gives his views of the cause of this, and then states the remedy, which is (briefly), 'Free Ships and Sailors' Rights.' That is, that ships should be bought wherever cheapest, and should be free from taxation; that their materials and stores should be imported free of duty; that they should be paid well for carrying the mails; that consular fees should be abolished; and that the navigation laws which have survived for eighty years should be entirely revised so as to make the carrying trade more attractive to investors. In regard to the Navy he quotes very extensively from the last annual report of the present Secretary, which he considers 'the most statesmanlike document ever issued by the Navy Department.' He explains the plans of the Naval Advisory Board in regard to the new vessels, and argues most energetically if not conclusively in favor of transferring to the Navy Department all the maritime bureaus of the Treasury Department, and establishing in the former a Bureau of Commerce with functions similar to those of the British Board of Trade. He proves, if it needed any proof, that the Navy and the commercial marine are mutually dependent on each other and flourish or decay in concert. Both are now at a lower ebb than at any previous time in the last half-century, and he explains and urgently pleads for the measures necessary to revive them and restore to the country which they represent the commanding position it formerly occupied on the high seas.

That the subject is one of the first importance will hardly be questioned, and any book which in small compass assists the public in gaining a knowledge of it ought to be heartily welcomed, especially at this opportune moment. It is not necessary to accept all of the author's views. Many people will fail to believe, for instance, that the training and experience of naval officers are such that the interests of the carrying trade could be advantageously committed to their supervision and care; and others will doubt the propriety of article as ships. But no one can deny that the views expressed are well stated and worthy of careful consideration.

#### "India: The Land and the People." \*

AS THE change of trees from evergreen to deciduous so have the countries of Asia become, from the standpoint of the reviewer's table. Instead of the rarely-appearing classics of travel, we now have an annual crop of books on India, on China, and on each of the Asiatic lands. Of most of them, we can honestly say that they very quickly 'do fade as a leaf.' Nevertheless, as these countries become more real, and their humanity more interesting to us, we need more and more fresh books on special subjects. The one before us is the work of the greatest living expert on food, soil, famine, and similar subjects in sociology. From his early manhood, Sir James Caird, now in his sixty-seventh year, has devoted himself to the study of subjects which pertain to man as an animal, and as a social being, with the design of improving the condition of the animal morally and physically. Appointed on the commission to examine into the cause and cure of famines in India, he made a journey to the land of indigo and poppy during the winter of 1876-77. He saw the country and people with rather independent eyes, and his blunt criticisms on the absurdity of the appli-

\* The Question of Ships. By Lieut. J. D. J. Kelley, U. S. N. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* India: The Land and the People. By Sir James Caird. \$1.50. New York: Cassell & Co.

cations of English law and customs to a sub-tropical people are refreshing. The book is just the sort that an American likes to get hold of. He tells us much that is pleasant and fresh about the people, their ways and manners, and how they contrive to make ends meet. In his trips to the classic spots and historic places, he tells us what his own eyes saw, without dumping the contents of a guide-book upon us. He does not stain his pages with the finger-marks which come from too much thumbing of Murray's red books. He evidently did not 'write his diary before leaving England' as the lively author of 'John Bull and His Island' accuses Englishmen of doing. Sir James suggests that the grave problem of the increase of population in India must be met by increase of crop and employment; by the extension of railways, and under certain circumstances by irrigation. The institution of government agricultural banks to protect the ryots or farmers against the extortions of the money-lenders is recommended. The fruitage of a lifetime of study and close observation is summed up in the closing chapter, and the perusal of it will well repay the casual reader and the political economist. A very good map and table of contents add to the book's usefulness, which has a value both in and apart from its subject.

#### Popular Books on Hygiene.

DR. WEIR MITCHELL is known as the physician who introduced, some years ago, a form of 'rest-treatment' which has since become exceedingly popular. 'Fat and Blood' is the literary production (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) to which he owes his success. The third edition of the book is before us. Its contents are valuable. The author shows how people may properly use, or on the other hand ignorantly abuse, the various remedial agents now in common use, such as fatty food, rest, massage, electricity, etc. In the face of Dr. Mitchell's clear suggestions, it cannot be doubted that great harm has resulted from the reading of apparently simply written manuals. The danger of nervous women becoming hypochondriacal and hysterical is a great one. If invalids would consult their own physicians and abide by their suggestions, instead of reading popular medical books, new cures would not be so plenty as they now are, and we would cease to be a nation of nervous invalids.

With the exception of Dr. Dalton's school-book, there is no reliable popular work on anatomy and physiology. The productions which find their way into the hands of school-children are, as a rule, written by amateurs, and are woefully wrong in all their teachings. The anatomy is faulty; the physiology is worse, if anything; and the hygienic suggestions (if carried out) are such as to severely test the theory of the survival of the fittest. Dr. H. Newell Martin, of Johns Hopkins, seems to know what is needed, however, and his work on 'The Human Body' (Holt) is the best elementary text-book of its kind that we have seen.

In contrast to this is a book entitled 'For Mothers and Daughters' (Fowler & Wells) which is in every way a most extraordinary production. It is written by a 'lady physician'—Mrs. E. G. Cook, M.D.—apparently as a vehicle for a species of feminine spite directed against doctors who are so unfortunate as to be born men. The author declares that male accoucheurs have been responsible, since they assumed their duties, for a great increase in the mortality of mothers and children. There is upon every page of the volume a great deal of the twaddle and ignorant perversion of science which we expect in books of this sort.

Dr. Roger S. Tracy has been connected with the Health Department of New York for fifteen years or more, and from time to time the public has been made aware of the value of his services in a variety of ways. His experience has been immense, and the little duodecimo sent us by D. Appleton & Co.—'A Handbook of Sanitary Information'—is rich in valuable hints. Not the least interesting parts are the appendices, one of which contains a list of disinfectants, with practical suggestions for use.

#### Minor Notices.

'ANCIENT Egypt in the Light of Modern Discoveries,' by Prof. Osborn of Miami University, Ohio, (Robert Clarke & Co.) is an uneven compilation of 240 octavo pages of painful English, designed to popularize Egyptology. The greater part of the work is taken up with two separate summaries of Egyptian history, and with chronological discussions in which no decision is reached. It is astonishing to find the author, after acknowledging the mythical character of the Biblical chronology of 200 years ago, seriously trying on the next page (p. 102) to reconcile Egyptian chronology with the old theological dates for the Creation and the Flood. In order to justify shortening of commonly accepted epochs, he attempts again and again to establish a futile comparison between the rapidity of the progress in arts and letters made during a century by the United States, and that which might be expected of the nomads who settled the Nile valley in the infancy of civilization, before they were able to build the Great Pyramid. On p. 137 we are told that the London and New York obelisks were erected in Alexandria in the reign of Tiberius! Despite his admiration of Egyptian works, Prof. Osborn would be a most unsatisfactory guide in the study of Egyptian art; and as to his archaeological competence, it is sufficient to quote his appreciation of the renowned proto-Doric shafts of Beni-Hassan—'one would suppose at first sight that he was looking upon some modern Greek specimen of Doric architecture,'—and to refer to his so-styled 'Likeness of Cleopatra from the wall at Denderah' (p. 138), a face of pronounced African type. The book contains a good index, some rough cuts in photo-process, and a clear and useful map of Egypt drawn on a large scale.

COULD we have our choice between being a Laplace, with a magnificent intellect capable of writing a book which only the late Prof. Peirce of Harvard and one other mathematician in America could read, or being the author of 'Vignettes from Invisible Life,' by John Badrock (Cassell & Co.), with the power to interest everybody in scientific truth, we do not know but we would rather be the latter. His book gives us some of the wonders of the microscope, and when he talks about 'the jaws and strong teeth' of creatures so small as to be just discernible with a pocket-lens, it is not only as good as a fairy-tale but a great deal better. He has the happy faculty of imparting, as well as of acquiring knowledge. When he writes about plant-animals, he gives a world of information in one vivid stroke, by telling you that after carrying home a bit of apparently dirty, slimy, mucous matter, and finding it under the microscope transformed into a beautiful little tree, you discover suddenly that the tree *begins to look alarmed!* If the creatures are small, the facts are certainly stupendous; and when it comes to studying the domestic habits and digestive powers of an animal so small that it would not be seriously inconvenienced by being pressed between two plates of glass, we think that the scientific gentleman who discovered that ants play games would have to hide his diminished head.

THE grain of salt with which all historical fiction is to be taken usually applies only to unimportant details. Ernst Eckstein, however, in his novel of 'Prusias,' (Gottberger) frankly acknowledges that not only the personal details of his hero's private life, but the hero himself and several of the principal characters are entirely fictitious, and that he has even altered somewhat from the facts the progress of events. Here the salt is in such proportion as to suggest the little boy whose father had forgotten to help him to roast beef, and who meekly remarked: 'Papa, will you please give me a little salt for the meat you are going to give me by and by?' The author states that he has corrected his 'deviations from historic truth' in footnotes, so that the reader by alternate reading and reference may adjust his ideas to fit the facts,—a process of acquiring historical knowledge which reminds one of the frog leaping two feet at a time to get out of the well and falling back one foot at every leap. In spite of this, we like the book. It is not of course a pleasant story, dealing as it does with the insurrection of Roman slaves, but it is powerful, and perhaps the very preponderance of fiction, frankly confessed, will lead the reader to investigate genuine history.

#### A Defence of English Garden Walls.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

I notice in Ruskin's book, 'The Two Paths,' a passage to which I will call the attention of my friend Mr. Burroughs. It happily sums up, I think, about all that can be said in defence of the English garden and park wall: 'It [the wall] has, in-



deed,' says Ruskin, 'often an unkind look on the outside, but there is more modesty in it than unkindness. It generally means, not that the builder of it wants to shut you out from the view of his garden, but from the view of himself: it is a frank statement that he needs a certain portion of time to himself, and must not be stared at when he digs there in his shirt-sleeves, or plays at leap-frog with his boys from school, or talks over old times with his wife, walking up and down in the evening sunshine. Besides, the brick wall has good practical service in it, and shelters you from the east wind, and ripens your peaches and nectarines, and glows in autumn like a sunny bank. And, moreover, your brick wall, if you build it properly, so that it shall stand long enough, is a beautiful thing when it is old, and has assumed its grave purple red, touched with mossy green.'

A mossy wall! 'High-walled gardens, green and old!' Nothing is more dear to my fancy than the absolute seclusion of a city garden, full of the stilly murmur of the winged folk—flower-scented, dreamy, peaceful. A high hedge is nearly as pleasing, although the retirement afforded is less perfect. I like to look at the gigantic lilac hedge about the Longfellow homestead in Cambridge, and surely we could ill spare those green hedges of Warwickshire, tossing their wealth of fragrance and snowy blossom along the roadside in June. Yet they do obstruct the view in some places. I think Mr. Burroughs is right in correlating the general loose-jointedness of Brother Jonathan's character with that everlasting propensity of his to be taking short cuts across his neighbor's garden,—his lack of reverence for the god Terminus,—the cool, sublimely unconscious impudence with which he invades your most sacred privacy. Think of poor Tennyson at Farringford, and his American admirers! If we as a nation have lost the English love of seclusion, had we not best recover it as quickly as possible? It is too bad to deprive well-bred and modest observers of a landscape view. But so long as the Anglo-Saxon world is full of ineffable bores and shameless clowns, the innocent must needs suffer with the guilty, and high-walled gardens prove our only refuge from the maddening torture of unmannerly inquisitiveness and the intrusive stare.

BELMONT, MASS., March 8, 1884.

W. S. KENNEDY.

### Secret Societies in College.

#### TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

The editorial on 'Secret Societies in College,' printed in THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE of March 8, is very fair in tone and admirably concise in expression. Several of the statements, however, appear to me to need amendment or correction. Exception is taken to the 'profound-secrecy' of the Yale Senior societies. Yet very obviously this secrecy, the main point of which is the non-intercourse of members and others on society subjects, removes by one simple stroke the always cumbersome and often scandalous methods of 'rushing in' under-classmen prevalent at almost every other college. The charge that to the ex-member as he grows older the doings of his society seem 'absurd or something worse than absurd . . . he merely wonders how he could ever have been such a young idiot' cannot possibly be sustained as the rule in the case of the Yale Senior societies. It is a matter susceptible of easy proof that their annual reunions are always fully attended and professedly enjoyed by a large number of the most distinguished graduates of the college, men of national reputation on the bench, at the bar, in Congress, in the ministry and at the seats of learning. Indeed, you will recall one of the chief grievances of the Senior society abolitionists is that society men, old and young, are such devoted attendants on their societies as to interfere with the general good-fellowship of commencement and other college reunions.

In the columns of THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE Yale is said to be the college 'most infested' by secret societies. If numbers are referred to, this is an entirely erroneous statement. The names of only four secret societies belonging to the academical department, with a combined membership of one hundred and fifteen men, can be found in the last number of the Yale *Pot-Pourri*. Whereas there are many eastern colleges, such as Wesleyan, where practically all of the students are society men. Again, it is assumed *a priori* that if it can be shown that a society system 'tends to keep up the distinctions between class and class,' the influence of the societies must therefore be injurious. This is a fair point for argument, but is no proof in itself. Societies out of the question, the traditions of Yale have always, from the days when the Freshmen fagged for the Seniors, been in favor of strict class distinctions and an

elaborate code of etiquette between newcomers and proved veterans of college life. Many radical opponents of the societies are firm believers in sharp class lines at Yale and every other large college. By a preservation of class feeling undoubtedly a small proportion of men of congenial tastes in different classes miss occasional opportunities of meeting quite so unconstrainedly as they might like. On the other hand, a body of men numbering from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five, all of liberal education, ought surely to furnish about all the chances necessary for every variety of friendship to flourish. Subjected to the same discipline, pursuing the same studies, enjoying the same experiences, beginning together at the bottom of the ladder and climbing to the top, somehow classmates develop and value one another to a degree under any other circumstances impossible.

The belief that two small societies, of fifteen men each, chosen when almost all of the 'offices' and 'honors' of the course have already been distributed, can create 'politics' which shall involve and injure a body of six hundred and fifteen intelligent and frank young American gentlemen one jot beyond their free will, will not be seriously entertained except by pessimists or those who have been misinformed as to the facts in the case. But 'politics' exist, sometimes perniciously, at Yale—and at every other college we have ever heard of, whether there were societies in it or not. For instance, a few years ago 'politics' at Harvard, where no secret societies are recognized by the Faculty, actually suspended for a year, and came near breaking up the time-honored Class-day. 'Politics' at Yale have never reached anything like such a pass as that. They are usually adjusted with no more trouble than a little lively debate in a class-meeting, until some 'sorehead' more indignant than the rest strives to palm off his personal grievances as solicitude for the welfare of his college. This may seem like a prejudiced statement. But it is the unvarnished truth, as any unprejudiced witness familiar with Yale life will testify. Practically, every one there is in favor of the societies—until he is left out! Even then the proportion of those who nurse their wrath after the first disappointment is very small. A reform against the societies is not entitled to entire respect until it is headed by men who were not candidates for election. Every one in the college world at New Haven knows this essential is lacking in the present case.

Doubtless the Senior societies do strive (if they did not strive they would soon be compelled to) to 'liberalize' their methods and customs so as to fitly harmonize with college needs and tastes, which vary considerably from decade to decade. But as for enlarging them so as to include Juniors and Sophomores, the plan is so impracticable that it would not be urged even by Senior society opponents who have reached a Junior society. In those two societies it is proved, year after year, that a body of forty or fifty men cannot, by an expenditure of pains or money, be so conducted as to benefit all of its members in a positive way, intellectually, morally and socially, as is easily effected annually by the Senior societies from much the same material, simply because of the smaller number of men associated together. The recent advent of a new Senior society at Yale, choosing exactly the same number of members as the old societies and improving on their history by springing into existence full-armed, like Minerva (*i.e.*, with a commodious club-house), would seem to demonstrate both the demand and the supply for more of this species of culture and enjoyment, and that their legitimate attainment lies in this direction rather than in a war of words.

WASHINGTON, D.C., March 10, 1884. 'SCROLL AND KEY.'

### The Lounger

THE roll of royal authorship in these days is not easily exhausted. To the names of the Queens of England and Roumania, the Empress of Austria, and the Princess Alice, recently mentioned by The Lounger, may be added, among the princesses, those of the sister of the King of Spain, who has just published the poems of Paz de Borbon, and of the Princess Beatrice ('Birth-Day Book'). Among kings and potentates the present King of Sweden is well known as a scribbler of verse; the King of Portugal is an accomplished translator of Shakspeare (writing under the name of B. Pato); the late King of Saxony was a celebrated Dante scholar and translator; the Sultan Abdul Aziz was said to possess the hereditary gift of the sovereigns of Turkey for the subtle and plaintive forms of Turkish poetry; the Shah of Persia not only writes a wonderful scrawl (which thousands have seen on exhibition at Mme. Tussaud's), but is skilled in Persian metres. While there are fiddling dukes and big Bavarians run mad after Wagner, the most remarkable linguist of the age is Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte. Every-

body remembers the 'Jules-César' of Napoleon III., and the best history of the late Civil War is that written by the Comte de Paris, heir to the throne of France. Rudolph, Crown-Prince of Austria, has perpetrated his 'Travels,' and the Prince of Montenegro is a ballad-writer of the first excellence. There is a 'Leopold' Shakspeare, dedicated to the cultivated son of Victoria, and—there is Mr. Blaine writing his history!

WE ARE APT to forget what we learned in Chaucer—that out of the old fields comes all the new corn from year to year; hence it is a pleasant surprise when we occasionally chance upon the long pedigree of some very modern-looking kernel of vernacular speech. The other day, rummaging in Burton's 'Anatomy' (where so many have rummaged with more thrifty purpose), I came upon an expression which, I would have wagered, had its origin in our own reprobate times. 'Preach hell and damnation' was the expression; and an odd anachronism it seemed in the text of 'that fantastic, old great man,' as Lamb calls Burton. I find that the serviceable word 'swaggering' was of new coinage in the time of Homeric George Chapman, who eruditely says of it: 'round-headed custom gives it privilege with much imitation, being created as it were by a natural Prosopopeia, without etymology or derivation.'

'THERE was in her soul a sense of delicacy mingled with that rarest of qualities in woman—a sense of humor,' writes Richard Grant White in 'The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys.' I have noticed that when a novelist sets out to portray an uncommonly fine type of heroine, he invariably adds to her other intellectual and moral graces the above-mentioned 'rarest of qualities.' I may be over-sanguine, but I anticipate that some sagacious genius will discover that woman as well as man has been endowed with this excellent gift from the gods, and that the gift pertains to the large, generous, sympathetic nature, quite irrespective of the individual's sex. In any case, having heard so repeatedly that woman has no sense of humor, it would be refreshing to have a contrariety of opinion on that subject.

AN interesting association for the study of manners, customs, entertainments, literature, science and religion in England before the Renaissance has recently been formed in this city under the title of the Pre-Elizabethan Club. It is composed of ladies and gentlemen who meet weekly at the house of one of the members, to listen to the reading of well-considered papers, or to extemporaneous talks upon a given subject. After this fashion the Club have intelligently discussed the works of Chaucer, Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, Wyckliffe, the miracle-plays and mysteries, and the aspect of science and philosophy before 'the spacious times of great Elizabeth.' Prof. Chandler, Mr. Frederic H. Betts, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mr. C. C. Beaman, Mr. Alfred Davenport and Mr. Frederic Kernochan are the members who have been called on to contribute papers during the present season.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, who is, as usual, passing the winter and early spring among her orange groves in Florida, has just seen, in THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE of February 9, the statement of her first publisher, Mr. J. P. Jewett, to the effect that she would have taken \$100 for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and considered herself well paid. In a recent letter to Mr. J. C. Derby Mrs. Stowe denies the truth of this statement. 'I was not altogether such a fool as he represents,' she writes, 'although I must confess I was surprised at the extent of the success.' Mr. Derby published Mrs. Stowe's next best book, 'The Minister's Wooing,' which her brother, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, told him the other day was the only one of her books, except 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' that he had ever read.

### A French Salon.

(From The Saturday Review.)

IN English it is difficult to find a word that shall adequately connote all those ideas of sociability which a Frenchwoman has in mind when she claims a friend as an *habitué* of her *salon*. We do not frequent the drawing-rooms of our friends in England in the sense in which various persons become the *habitués* of certain *salons* in Paris; and the fact that in English society the *habitué* is such a *rarissima avis* (if not a biped altogether unknown) may be said to mark the wide difference of national character so striking to any one who mixes alternately in the society of the two countries separated by but one score miles of

shallow sea. The only place of which the Englishman can be called an *habitué* is his Club. The London man certainly does frequent his pet Club with an assiduity and a faithfulness that is in marked contrast to his erratic movements and uncertain presence at the social entertainments of his friends.

In France *le Club* is socially speaking of little import. It is even now after years of acclimatization but an exotic, fostered by the tender care of those who love to make a display of their Anglomania, and the *cafés* have had no cause to complain of any diminution in their customers since the institution of the *Cercles*. To obtain information, to rest his brain, to find companionship, the Londoner goes to his Club; while with the like purpose, the Parisian takes his hat and cane, and with the same latitude in the matter of dress which is the privilege of Club-life with us, he will betake himself to some private house and form one among the circle of friends, gathered together without special invitation on certain afternoons or evenings, in the drawing-room of some lady who has the art '*de faire salon*.' Here he will find, should he want it, the person from whom he may acquire his information; he may discuss the current news; or he may simply listen, for listening is much cultivated among even the most witty of the French. Of French society the elementary unit is without doubt the *habitué*, and, it will be noted, the *habitués* of a *salon*, though they may not become intimate friends, are assuredly not to be placed in the category of mere acquaintances. So and so, it will be said, can hardly be your intimate friend, since you still call him *Monsieur* after having met him regularly at a certain house for the last quarter of a century; but, though you may know nothing of his private affairs, or of his relatives, you are intimately acquainted with his views and his ideas on men and things; and although you may in point of fact have but little in common with him, you would miss him from his place were he gone, and sincerely deplore his absence, for his presence has contributed an item to form the very agreeable whole presented by the drawing-room of your friend.

To have a recognized *salon* is the ambition of every Frenchwoman who aims at social success, and dinners across the Channel are not the indispensable rite that they are in society with us. It is still possible to get people to meet and talk in Paris without supplying them with food, and a cup of weak tea is more often than not the sole stimulant of much excellent conversation. To become more intimate with their acquaintances it is customary for French ladies to receive one day in the week during the afternoon, and on this day every one must call, at least once, who wishes to profit by the evening gatherings, and continue the acquaintance made at some chance meeting.

On this point the social law is very strict, and it will be noted that throughout society in France, and on the Continent in general, though there is little ceremony, etiquette is strictly observed, and any breach of its regulations is seldom condoned—even in an (ignorant) foreigner. In English society, until the precincts of the palace be reached, the rules of etiquette are almost unknown, or if known, are more honored in the breach than in the observance. But across the water this is by no means the case, and that English people with difficulty comprehend this, is perhaps one reason for their finding French society somewhat exclusive. Furthermore, as with the rule of the road, customs in England and France generally go by contraries. For instance, the last arrivals call first, and further instances might easily be adduced; but these are elementary rules that an Englishman does easily learn. It is in the drawing-room, however, that he is most apt to sin through ignorance. For who shall tell him that during an afternoon call he *must* leave his greatcoat and umbrella in the ante-room, that into the drawing-room he is expected to bring his hat, and that at the beginning of the visit, in any case, he should keep on his gloves? These are matters which we in England hold to be optional or indifferent, but on which French *bienstance* is inflexible. To call on a Parisian lady in an overcoat and carrying an umbrella is deemed almost as insulting as to go into her drawing-room with your hat on; and were her husband your candid friend he would probably inform you that his wife's rooms were warmed, and that the rain did not come through.

But it is in her talent for combining the various elements of her society that the genius of a French hostess shows its highest development. Heine, if we are not mistaken, was wont to say, in characterizing the society of London and Paris, that the English were gregarious but not sociable, while the French were sociable but not gregarious. The innumerable balls where the majority do not dance, drums where people will not talk but where there is abundant food and drink for those who have already dined, entertainments, in short, such as we are perpet-



ually 'going on to' during a London season, are of rare occurrence in Paris. We give ourselves endless trouble in the lighting up of our houses, the providing of victuals, and the getting together of more people than our rooms will conveniently hold; but, when the guests are assembled, the part of the hostess too often ends with their reception. She does not regard it as incumbent on her to try to elicit the conversational powers of her friends and make them give of their best by, so to speak, fathoming their minds and drawing up that which is valuable in them. To be introduced is considered a bore, if not an absolute insult. The French hostess, on the contrary, is perhaps a little oblivious of the creature-comforts of her guests; but then she gives herself an infinity of trouble in the management of her *salon*; and, although she herself may talk but little, she is the prime mover in the conversation, keeping up the ball by an occasional word thrown in adroitly from time to time. Since crowds are, as a rule, avoided, the conversation is kept more general in France than with us, *l'été-à-l'été*, in a low voice not being encouraged; each one talks, but not all at once; for it will be observed that from the earliest age a talent for narration is much cultivated, and that a Frenchman knows how to put his ideas into the compact form fitted for their comprehension by an audience of several persons. On the avoidance of *l'été-à-l'été* it may be related how, at certain little dinners of eight or a dozen at most, at a house in the Faubourg St.-Germain, all private conversation with one's neighbor is absolutely prohibited; each guest must address his or her conversation to the whole table in general; and, should any offend the rule, a call to order is immediately made by the tingling of a little bell at the right hand of the hostess's plate. This is, perhaps, carrying matters to an extreme; still it clearly marks the general tendency.

In a *salon* such as we have now in mind we must admit that young ladies are but of little account. In France they neither rule the roast socially, as is the case in America, nor do they monopolize the attention of the less ornamental portion of humanity and throw the dowagers into the shade, as is the case with us. From her education and the early age at which girls in France generally marry (or are married), the conversation of young ladies is but little appreciated by men who are already in the world engaged in the battle of life. And in further explanation of the insignificant position occupied by the Parisian 'girl of the period,' it must be borne in mind that our British method of courtship by flirtation is little practised over the water, also that what men there seek in the society of women is just that companionship and sympathy which the unmarried woman is least capable of giving. A matter of continual surprise to an Englishman who has the luck to gain admittance to a French *salon* is the truly catholic range of the matters that will come under discussion. There is no subject that a Frenchman will not discuss seriously, and think it is to his profit to do so, with a Frenchwoman. It might almost be said that there is no serious subject that in London a man will discuss thoroughly with a lady; for, as a rule, he does not hold that he will increase his stock of ideas by giving himself the trouble. In Paris men, whether from vanity or from other reasons, talk their best when ladies are their auditors, and they assuredly seek the society of women far more from sympathy with their minds than from admiration for their outward attractions. *Esprit*, which is not wit, but which has been defined as that 'quick perception which seizes the ideas of others easily and returns ready change for them,' is in truth what men most prize in women, it being a quality independent of beauty, and, while the mind lasts, not lessened by age. It has been frequently remarked how in their old age French men and women preserve not only their good-humor, but their gayety, to the last. This is of course in part dependent on good health, for with them gout and dyspepsia are not common maladies. But for the cheerfulness of his declining years a Frenchman will look to the *salons* of his friends, and, since it has ever been the custom for intimate society in France to assemble in the evening, he, after dinner, not being a club man, will take his hat and cane to go out and pay his visits. In some dimly-lighted *salon au zième* he will find a welcome from the circle gathered round the fireside, where all are *habitués*, and where each, eschewing the weather and the discussion of his personal health, brings forth his remarks on passing events, and contributes some new observation to the common stock.

Paris has still many things in points of material comfort that she might copy with advantage from London; we admit that her hackney-carriages are vile, the coachmen demanding *pourboires*, and driving abominably; that her postal service is dear, and uncertain; that her theatres are uncomfortable, tawdry, and, as Mr. Matthew Arnold might say, lubricious. But

society is understood better there than it is with us. Although all human beings are social, women are more so than men, and in their taste for analyzing sentiments, and in the delight they take in seeing into the minds of others, have created, in France especially, the great art of conversation which has long since become the favorite excitement of the French nation.

### About Old and New Novels.\*

[Karl Hillebrand in *The Contemporary Review*.]

THIS essay—the scanty fruit of a long leisure, shortened only by light reading and reflection on it—was originally to be entitled, 'Why are old novels so entertaining and modern ones so tedious?' Fortunately for him, the author met in time a highly cultured, and, on the whole, unprejudiced English lady who confessed to him that she had never been able to read 'Tom Jones' to the end, while a young diplomat of literary pretensions assured him that 'The Nabob' was infinitely more entertaining than 'Don Quixote.' Then only the author began to understand how relative an idea is attached to the word 'entertaining,' and that perhaps the modern reader is quite as accountable as the modern novelist, if the novel of to-day is so—well, so different from the old. Let us then speak only of this difference. For why establish supervision, distribute praise and blame, by which nobody learns anything, when it is so much more instructive to investigate the what and the why of certain phenomena, and to leave every one to be judge of his pleasure and displeasure.

As, however, there has been a question of entertaining reading, be it understood from the beginning that the amusement novel, properly so called—i.e., that which has no other aim but amusement, and which the French have brought to perfection in our country, shall be at present excluded from consideration, although it often shows more talent and artistic instinct than more pretentious work of the *genre*. If we thus exclude such novels it is because we wish to limit ourselves to those productions of literature which give themselves out as works of art, and which realize as well as explain to us the mode of thinking of the different periods. Let us not forget either that in all such historical comparisons dates must not be taken too literally, and that exceptions are not to be taken into consideration. The fact that Manzoni, Jeremiah Gotthoff, Gottfried Keller have written between 1820 and 1860, and have even given a voice to certain currents of the century, does not make it the less true, that, considered as artists—i.e., in their way of seeing and treating their subject, they do not belong to the time which has seen the *floraison* of George Sand and Dickens, still less to the time which has produced a Freytag, George Eliot, and Octave Feuillet.† For whatever one may think of the fact, it would be difficult to deny it; the whole literature of fiction in Europe, from Homer to Goethe, is severed by a deep abyss from that of our century, whose productions bear always, in spite of all differences, a certain family likeness; in other terms, men, authors as well as readers, for three thousand years saw the task of literature in another light from that in which we have seen it for the last hundred years.

Strangely enough, the novelists of the younger generation, who, like E. Zola, Spielhagen, Henry James, and W. D. Howells, are never weary of treating their own art in a theoretico-critical way, which would probably never have occurred to a Charles Dickens—seem to have no consciousness whatever of this difference of periods. No doubt all the theories of those practitioners rest upon the tacit, sometimes also the outspoken, supposition of the superiority of the novel of to-day over that of former times, or at least of a progress in the development of this *genre*. To this there would be little to object, if the writers in question were awake to the fact that such a progress can only concern what is technical, and consequently is of very little artistic value. The progress in technique from Benozzi Soglioli to the Caracci is very considerable; nobody would admit as a consequence that the artistic value of the Farnese gallery is, in spite of its cleverest *raccourcis*, greater than that of a fresco in the Campo Santo, with all its defects in drawing and perspective. Now, it is difficult not to feel in these disquisitions of the specialists a consciousness of having also realized a progress. The new novel is 'finer' than the old one, says Mr. Howells quite candidly, while the others plainly imply the same; and they mean not only a superiority in composition, dialogue, etc., but also a more careful study of feelings and

\* To be concluded next week.

† Björnson too might be numbered among those few artists whom chance has allowed to be born in this unartistic time, were it not that he has so often, particularly in later times, let himself be carried away by the example of his contemporaries.

passions, a more delicate delineation of characters, a deeper knowledge of society and its influence on the individual; for that the older writers could have no other reason for their reticence than ignorance or want of power to show their knowledge of these things, is an undoubted fact to our modern novelists, who have never learned the art of 'wise omission.'

It is characteristic that this ignoring of the past and forgetting of all proportion show themselves most crudely in the North Americans, for whom even Dickens and Thackeray belong already to the antique. Thus, even people of an entirely European culture like Mr. H. James speak of M. Alphonse Daudet with an admiration so unlimited that one might be tempted to believe that the readers beyond the Atlantic are unaware of the existence of a Fielding. Fortunately, Mr. J. R. Lowell's beautiful speech on the author of 'Tom Jones' proves that there are still Americans who know where the real models of the art of narration are to be sought for. Besides, there are people enough in the old world also, who, like Mr. John Bright, do not hesitate to place any middling novelist or historian of our time above Homer and Thucydides, whom they ought to have had more opportunity to read than their American co-religionists. It is not uncommon to hear such *naïveté* praised as an enviable freshness of impression and judgment; but this rests on a thorough confusion of ideas. Such impressions are not received, such judgments are not given, by people who stand nearer to Nature than ourselves, but on the contrary by such as have no bridge behind them which might have brought them over from Nature to our civilization. I can with confidence place the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and 'Numa Roumestan' in the hands of a boy who was brought up in the country and has never seen a newspaper: he will not hesitate a moment between the two. The trial would already be more doubtful with a young man of classical culture; but as to a lad who had learned to read in leading articles and had left the professional school only to enter on the wholly artificial relations and modes of thinking of our society, one could scarcely expect from him that he should prefer the pure wine of Goldsmith to M. Daudet's intoxicating beverage. The great majority of the younger generation has come into the world as it were grown-up, has been born into the modern civilization, while we older ones have at least slowly grown into it, and have consequently some inkling of the fact that under the clothes there is also something like a body. Now, the clothing of our century—i.e., our civilization, is perhaps more complicated and artificial than any that went before it, and those who live in it like to imagine that what is more complicated is also more valuable. Hence the accumulation of details which characterizes our literature and corresponds at the same time to our scientific habits. A microscopic anatomy of human nature—now in its coarser manifestations, as with M. Zola or Guy de Maupassant, now in its nobler organs, as with George Eliot and Ivan Tourguéneff, would be vainly searched for in the older authors. The style has become more complicated; all sciences, every technic, are forced into service, all archaisms and neologisms gathered together in the dictionaries, unusual and surprising juxtaposition of words are used to make the descriptions more effective, without, however, attaining the wished-for effect. It is particularly the native country of taste, the home of measure and sobriety, which pleases itself with these exercises; and on the one hand, persons with no other talent than that of corrupting language, taste and morals, weary themselves—*canta Minerva*—with manufacturing so-called *tableaux de mœurs*, while, on the other hand, richly gifted writers trade upon their facility in order to bring all their superfluity on the market and to suffocate the readers under the weight of their adjectives. But 'when the taste for simplicity is once destroyed,' says Walter Scott, 'it is long ere a nation recovers it.' It is perhaps worth while to investigate more clearly than has been hitherto done, the essence of this new tendency of mind and taste.

# I.

The whole intellectual life of our century, and especially of the second half of it, is permeated by the scientific habits and the new morals which came into prominence shortly before the French Revolution, and which since the definitive defeat of romanticism toward the middle of our century, have attained almost absolute power. Now, both the scientific and the moral view of the world are not only insusceptible of artistic treatment—they are incompatible with it, nay, are the negation of it. Also, the novel, as far as it is an artistic *genre*, has suffered from the reign of these modern principles as much as, and more than, all other artistic *genres*, because, thanks to its form, it lends itself more easily to scientific treatment and moral jurisdiction than

any other. No doubt there lived before the Revolution individual men who carried the scientific and moral standard into regions where they have no right nor currency; but they were isolated instances; nowadays, this double point of view dominates the whole of literature, and—as our culture has become exclusively book-culture—of culture also. No doubt mankind lives on even to-day as if those principles did not exist. It would be impossible otherwise to live; but as soon as it is bent upon judging, knowing or reproducing life, it no longer uses any but those two methods.

Science aims at the knowledge of the world and its causal connection. It destroys individual life in order to find its laws—i.e., what is common to individual phenomena. Art, on the contrary, seeks to know and interpret the world by seizing and reproducing the unity of individual life; it eliminates the general in order better to seize the particular, and in the particular it eliminates what is accidental that it may better see and show the essential. Now, as the general is only an abstraction of our intellect, and real life manifests itself only in the particular, it follows that art, in one sense, is truer than science. This, however, does not touch our question; what I want to prove is, that the so-called scientific treatment of an object can only be harmful to art, in the same way as the artistic treatment of science on its side can give rise to the monstrosities about which scientists are fond of telling edifying stories. When, however, M. Zola, for instance, declines the honor of having constructed works of art, the men of science will not therefore be much disposed to ascribe to him merits in science. For his works, whatever else they may be, are productions of the imagination, and consequently utterly useless to science, which reckons only on realities and can find no laws on such phantasms. Besides, all scientific labor is collective and progressive; artistic work is individual and self-inclusive. Each new work of science supersedes its predecessor, at least in part, until it is entirely antiquated. The scientific achievement remains immortal, the scientific work must perish. Would M. Zola resign himself to that, and does he seriously imagine that 'Nana' and 'Potbouille' are scientific achievements—i.e., rings in the infinite chain of science? Certainly not. At bottom, however, these gentlemen of the scientific school make their scientific pretensions in no such strict sense. What they aspire to is to create works of art by the instrument of science, and to treat of objects, which are the results of science, while they have only the instrument of art, as well as the standard for judging the artistic value of objects; and here arises the question whether such an enterprise is not from the beginning sure to be a failure.

The instrument, if I may so phrase it, which science uses to attain its aim, is understanding; that of art intuition. Science knows only a conscious knowledge of things, art only an unconscious one; and as the artist renders only what he has acquired unconsciously and directly through intuition, the artistic spectator or reader seizes what is given to him only intuitively, not consciously. Both proceed as we proceed in ordinary life and for practical purposes; art, therefore, is much nearer life than science. We know a person as a whole; often we do not even know whether his eyes are blue or brown, whether he has a high or a low forehead; and we are nevertheless surer of this our unconscious knowledge than the most accurate physiognomical analysis could make us. Language has equally formed itself unconsciously, is learned unconsciously, and is for the most part used unconsciously, particularly in emotion; but it renders our feeling more faithfully than any elaborate choice of expressions would be able to do. For the scientist, it is true, language is what numbers are for the mathematician; it gives no image, but only the abstract expression of things. The physician—we Germans call him the 'artist,' *Arzt*—seizes first the total impression of his patient, without rendering to himself an account, often without being able to render to himself an account, of its components; and he relies exclusively on the thermometer and determinate symptoms, precisely because he has not the 'coup d'œil.' Now our whole cultured society, readers as well as authors, have no longer the 'coup d'œil.' The latter see only what they have consciously considered, and consequently give only that; the former on their side have got accustomed to be content with that, nay, to be proud of it, because they thus can give themselves an account of everything, which is no small satisfaction to the vanity of the understanding. But what is the consequence of the whole proceeding?

An author undertakes to paint the inner man and the outer world. He is to fulfil the former aim by an accurate psychological analysis; the latter by a careful description. Now, in reality those psychological qualities have no existence whatever; they are an abstraction of our intellect, and therefore even the completest



enumeration can produce no living image, even if our imagination were able to reconstruct a unity out of such plurality; whereas one characteristic feature would suffice to evoke the total impression of a personality. For it is not the parts which make man, but the cohesion; as soon as this ceases, life ceases. Now, conscious intellect never seizes the cohesion; unconscious intuition alone seizes it; and to render this with conviction is art—i.e., reproduction of life. As much may be said of the description of the outer world; a whole page of M. Daudet, in which he describes all the articles to be sold in the shop of a southern provision-dealer, not omitting each individual smell, and all the furniture with all the lights falling on it, is not worth the two verses in which Heine calls up to us the cavern of Uraka, as if we saw it with our bodily eyes. The former, in fact, is a faithful inventory, which we never make in life, and which consequently touches our imagination as little as the list of an upholsterer; these two verses awake in us a sensation, and so dispose our mood as to set at once our imagination to work, because there is action in them, and the action therein shown acts in turn on the reader.

Art is more economical than science; and the lavishness of authors who believe they proceed scientifically when they omit nothing of what a careful examination of an object or an action and its motives has revealed to them, is nothing but the profitless expenditure of the prodigal. Art shows us Philina, in the general confusion and despair, sitting quietly and rattling with her keys on the saved trunk, and the irresistible stands more vividly before our eyes than would have been possible by a long enumeration of her charms, or a detailed description of the means by which she has succeeded in getting off so cheaply, and a modern writer would certainly not have let pass the opportunity of both without taking advantage of it; for second to description, explanation is his principal pleasure. It is not to be denied that in these modern novels there is a more minute observation of social and psychological facts, a closer exposition of all laws of feeling and thought, a more conscientious watching over their growth, and a more laborious analysis of the passions and their motives, than are to be found in the older novels of this, and apparently of the past, century. The whole development of a man is gone through; and if possible even that of his parents and grandparents—for this, too, passes for an application of scientific results—until finally we have forgotten the man himself, as he is. True art cares little about the genesis of character; it introduces man as a finished being, and lets him explain himself by his acts and words. Shakespeare leaves it to the German *savant* to explain how Hamlet has become what he is; he contents himself with showing him as he is. And not drama alone shows man as he is; the novel, as long as it is a work of art, is content to do so.

'Pourquoi Manon, dans la première scène,  
Est-elle si vivante et si vraiment humaine  
Qu'il semble qu'on l'a vue et que c'est un portrait?'

asks Musset. Is it not precisely because she is not described, analyzed and explained, but simply appears and acts, because the poet gives us in few words the impression which he has himself received, and by the rendering of his sensation our sensation is produced? We never see persons and actions in fiction; we feel the impression they exercise; this is convincing; an enumeration of qualities and circumstances, even if it were possible to make it complete, produces no disposition whatever; it produces knowledge.

Let nobody say that the older writers contented themselves with sketches and gave only the outlines. It is by no means so. What the narrator gives are the dramatic moments of an action, the characteristic features of a person. The truth and liveliness with which he gives the particulars that contain the whole *in nuce*, awake the image of that whole with its antecedents, its consequences, its secondary circumstances—i.e., the cohesion. His process is similar to that of the sculptor, who renders only the plastic elements of his object; of the painter, who renders only the picturesque elements of it, and makes an abstraction of all the rest. He takes only those traits which are fitted to produce a literary effect. Now, as I just said, it is with actions as with men. A minute and methodical enumeration of all the movements of the different regiments, accurately ascertained, which have taken part in a battle, such as we have it in the history of the war by the great General Haff, may have a scientific value; from an artistic point of view, it is without any effect, for it leaves us no intuitive image of the total action; while the description of the battle of Zutphen from the pen of the poor man of Tockenburgh, or that of the battle of Waterloo in Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme*, are works of art, because they

render faithfully the impression of such mass movements on the individual. If, on the contrary, the novelist proceeds with that scientifico-historical conscience, we get something like the struggle of the two washerwomen in the 'Assommoir,' which fills I don't know how many pages, and which nevertheless one has not before one's eyes, whereas the Homeric battle of Molly Seagrim remains unforgotten by whosoever reads it once only. Here, indeed, the total impression dominates the detail, while there the number of particulars forbids the forming of a total impression. M. Zola takes up his object like the man of science, destroying it in order to recompose it; Fielding, as the artist, who seeks and reproduces unity, not to speak of the art with which he renders the repulsive object attractive by irony, which alone gives such objects the passport to literature, drawing them out of common reality. This observation, however, would lead us to a controversy with the verists, realists, naturalists, or whatever their name, and I should like to defer this disquisition to another opportunity.

## II.

Equally with the scientific view, the moralizing view of the world has come into prominence; and it proves to be still more dangerous to art than the former. All modern morals aim at making men better—i.e., other—than they are. Art takes them as they are; it is content to comprehend them and to make them comprehensible. And the more mankind have abandoned the fundamental ideas of Christian charity, election by grace and predestination, which are so repulsive to rationalism, the more decisively the tendency of morals to change men has come to the foreground in literature. It is so with society; all are to become equal in virtue, as all are to become equal in possessions. These of course are Utopian views, which have little or no influence on the course of life; no moral system changes the nature of men, as no socialism is able to change the inequality of property; but they have an influence on the way of judging things; and, as judgment plays so large a part with modern writers, so it does also on literature.

Until the middle of the past century, every class and every individual accepted the world as we accept Nature, as a given order, in which there is little to be changed. People lived and acted, wrote and enjoyed naively, without reflection, or at least without comparing the existing world and its laws with reasoning and its norms. A man of the people thought as little of becoming a burgher, as any of us wishes to become a prince of the blood. If any one ventured to raise himself and knew how to penetrate through his circumstances, it was because he felt himself, his strength of mind and will—i.e., his individuality—and not because he thought himself justified by his quality as 'man.' What he became, he became

'Et par droit de conquête et pas droit de naissance.'

His legal title was founded on his personal gifts, not on a so-called justice, which nowadays every mediocrity thinks himself entitled to invoke, and the idea of which is suggested to him by all our speeches and institutions, inasmuch as they almost directly entice him to leave his station in order to feel himself unhappy in a higher one, for which he is not fit. This eternal comparing of the actual world with the postulates of reason has 'sicklied o'er' our life in more than one sense. For the whole of this so-called humane morality consists in nothing else than in exhorting us to try to put ourselves in other people's steads, not by a direct intuition, but according to an all-levelling abstraction, which from its very nature must also mean putting other people in our stead. Both are fictions, which take place in our head alone, and have no reality. Every man feels differently, and *grosso modo* one might say that every nation and every class feels differently. This ignoring of natural limits has led in political life to pretending to and granting rights which those whom they concern do not know how to use; in social life, to a dislocating of fixed relations and wandering from the natural atmosphere, which must always be a painful sensation; in literature, to lending to their *dramatis personæ* thoughts and feelings which they cannot have, but especially to requiring them to be something different from what they really are, since they must correspond to the abstract moral type which we have constructed. Completely isolated are the writers who know how to divine to the reader the sensations of uncultivated people—as e.g., Jeremiah Gotthoff; the large majority of readers properly so-called, prefer ideal figures in George Sand's style, which have nothing of the present but the certain.

In political and social life such aspirations do mischief enough, without, however, being able to change the essence of either state or society. In literature, where we treat not with

live people on actual ground but with the docile creations of our imagination on much-enduring paper, the new view of the world has worked as its consequence a much deeper revolution. It is true that the pretensions of rationalism to regulate legislation according to preconceived ideas of equality and justice have not remained without influence; on the whole, however, states have continued in our century, as in all former ones, to register and codify existing customs and to regulate newly formed interests and relations. It is true that in most countries each citizen has been recognized as of equal right and equal value, but in fact power has remained in the hands of the man of culture and property. It is true that people have tried to bestow on Egypt and Turkey the blessing of western constitutions; but not a year was required to show that one thing does not suit all. The same is the case in society. It never enters the heads of children to find social order, in so far as they know it, unjust or even unnatural. We have seen the mason join his bricks, the peasant mow his grass, the woodcutter saw our wood, without even asking ourselves why our father had nothing of that kind to do. In this sense, almost all men before the Revolution remained children, as nine tenths of them remain children to this day. And it is good that it should be so; for the whole machine of humanity would stop if we wanted continually to put ourselves into the place of others and to endeavor to insure for every one, according to the exigencies of an abstract equality, the same conditions of life. So in consequence we stop short at good wishes, sufficient to make men, who formerly were quite happy in this limited existence, and reflected but little upon it, discontented with their lot, but insufficient to change this lot. For there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so, says Hamlet. When man ceases thinking on what he has to do in order to think that he has to do it, good-by to all content. Now, this is the clearest result of principle which underlies modern philanthropy as opposed to Christian charity, although it has called into existence many things which have alleviated and improved the life of the working classes within their station, helping them in illness, old age and want of work, without spoiling their normal existence by illusive pictures of a better condition. Besides, the positive wrong is, I repeat, much less than one might suppose, precisely because the mass of mankind continues taking the world as it is and does not demand that the sun should henceforth rise in the west.

In fact, it is only with men of letters, who are in quite a different relation with the world from other people, that the new way of thinking has become predominant; but then their number has wonderfully increased in the last three hundred years. As the whole of our culture has become a literary one, a book culture, all we who call ourselves cultured (*Gebildete*) are at bottom men of letters. The cultivated man of former times, who had been formed by commerce with men, for whom a book had interest, not as a book but only in so far as it reflected life, becomes rarer and rarer. Our whole civilization is influenced by literature; readers and authors live in the same atmosphere of unreality, or, to speak more accurately, they divide life into two halves, that of practical activity—the bookmaking of the author is also a practical activity—and that of intellectual activity, two spheres which touch each other nowhere, not even where the intellectual one borrows its object from the practical one; for it divests them immediately of their reality and shapes them only after having falsified them.

Tocqueville has a chapter headed: 'How the men of letters became, toward the middle of the eighteenth century, the principal politicians.' This is now universally the case in one sense; for even in England political life has been infected with the spirit of the men of letters, through the advance of the Radical on the one hand, and the reform of Toryism by Disraeli on the other; the fact remains, however, particularly true of France, where the whole polity suffers cruelly under it. Nevertheless, art and literature are always the two activities most affected by it, and it is with them that we are here concerned.

### Current Criticism

'DOES CHARLES READE CRIB?'—*The Republican's* inquiry 'Does Charles Reade Crib?' must be answered in the affirmative, unless it should happen that he wrote not only 'The Picture,'—his story of which the first half appears in the March *Harper's*,—but also a longer story entitled 'The Portrait in My Uncle's Dining-room,' which appeared in four numbers of *Littell's Living Age* in November, 1869, and which had no author's name attached, and no indication of origin save the words 'From the French.' A general interest in the question has been manifested by half a dozen letters received from as

many places pointing to this *Living Age* story,—which is not at all likely to have been in its English form the original of Mr. Reade's, but which must have been drawn from the same source in the French. Another letter refers us to 'The Old M'sieur's Secret,' published by G. W. Carleton & Co. in 1882, likewise as a translation from the French. The story is essentially the same in the *Living Age* and in *Harper's*; the dialogue and the description resemble each other in many places; but it has been subjected in Mr. Reade's hands to the most skillful editing and adaptation. The conversation is admirable; the readers of 'The Picture' are spared a great quantity of cumbersome details, they get rid of some superfluous personages,—a very tedious baroness, mother of the young lady of the portrait, among the rest,—the characters are given life and vigor, the talk receives point, and in fine it is as pretty a piece of borrowing as one would wish to see.—*Springfield Republican*.

SALVINI ON HIS OWN ROLES:—'Diderot's "Paradoxe," which you say has been much discussed here of late, I have never read; but if he says that when the actor's eyes are wet with real tears the eyes of the audience are dry, then I venture from my experience to contradict Diderot. See, I shall tell you a story. In "La Morte Civile" I always weep, and greatly. Now, there is in Rio Janeiro a newspaper editor, Señor de Castro, a big, bearded man, with gold spectacles—*proprio un uomo serio!*—who is famous for his lack of feeling. They say he buried his wife without a tear—I do not know, but they say so. He saw "La Morte Civile," and after the curtain fell he came upon the stage. Behold! on each side of his nose there was a great wet furrow, and as he laid his hand upon my shoulder I could feel that it was twitching and trembling. And next day every one in Rio Janeiro went about saying: "He has made De Castro weep! What a triumph!" As to French tragedy, however, I can understand Diderot's theory. I cannot say that, of my leading parts, I prefer one to another. My interest in each is different but as to preference—*nossignore!* I have none. After some I feel physical fatigue, after others my fatigue is moral. "La Morte Civile" causes me excessive moral fatigue; "King Lear," both physical and moral, for it is my latest part. As for "Othello," I have so identified myself with the character that I play it as in a dream—it is very real to me while it lasts, but I awake from it, in my normal state. Ah, you were present when I first played Macbeth in Edinburgh. You are right, it was *pallido*, colorless; but since then I have elaborated it, till it is quite a different thing.'—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

BUSCH'S NEW BISMARCK:—*Unser Reichskanzler* offers us therefore the studies for a portrait rather than the portrait itself, and this is the great merit of the book. What Herr Busch thinks about Prince Bismarck is a matter of comparatively small importance; what the Prince himself thinks on matters of general interest is what we wish to know; and we can hardly turn a dozen pages without coming upon some profound thought or pithy saying which casts an entirely new light on a subject that has perhaps been so often discussed as to seem exhausted. But what strikes an attentive reader most is the self-consistency of the statesman, the clearness with which he forms and the pertinacity with which he pursues his purposes, together with the versatility of the means he employs to accomplish them. No man's mind was ever more free from cant. In 1879 he declared, 'Since I have been a Minister I have never belonged to any party, nor could I do so. I have been hated by each in turn, and loved by some.'—*The Saturday Review*.

ON THE COLLECTION OF AMERICAN BOOKS:—Take such a comparatively unimportant branch of literature as old school-books for children. Who sees now the books their grandfathers studied? It has been found impossible to get an absolutely complete and perfect set of all the editions of Webster's Speller. These children's books have more interest in them than would at first seem probable, yet in one of them appears the first wood-cut illustration of the first railroad in the United States, and scores are filled with the best work of Alexander Anderson, the earliest and one of the best wood-engravers this country has produced. These books can now be collected for a few cents apiece. In a few years they will be worth dollars, for the paper mill is using them up faster and faster daily. In addition to their money value, they will be beyond price as material for the McMaster of the future. But it is not children's books alone that it will prove worth while to rescue. No one who has not seen such a collection as that Mr. S. W. Pennypacker has made, illustrative of Germans in America, will realize how great and varied is the number of books to be collected on almost any given subject. By themselves many of the books have little



value; collected together they form a mass of *memoires pour servir*, as the French aptly call materials for history, which make the act of collection a positive benefit. Epochs in local history, the progress of the fine arts, battles, folk-lore, philology, what you please, can be taken up and followed to advantage by buying American books.—*Erastus Brainerd in the Philadelphia Press.*

### Notes

'STRATFORD BY THE SEA' is announced for early publication in Holt's American Novel Series.

Walter Savage Landor, the least read of the greater English writers of the present century, is the subject of an essay by Joel Benton to appear in *The Continent* of April 2.

We were not attracted to a 'History of the United States in Rhyme,' by Robert C. Adams (Lothrop), remembering a frightful Shakespeare in rhyme which we considered fatal to any enjoyment of Shakespeare in after life; but its execution really appeals to us as convenient and helpful, since it is not distorted literature, but simple facts, that are in this case to be committed to memory; and remembering how many of us to this day are dependent on our 'Thirty Days hath September,' we grow indulgent to a method of memorizing which is to be supplemented by study and reading.

Frank R. Stockton and R. H. Stoddard are amongst the contributors to the current number of *The Independent*.

Easter offers fine opportunities for flower-painting which the designers have not been slow to improve. The Easter Cards published by Prang & Co. this year are prettier than usual. They are the work of Miss F. Bridges, Miss L. B. Humphrey, Mrs. O. E. Whitney, Miss L. B. Comins, Miss Alice C. Swan, Mrs. E. T. Fisher, W. Hamilton Gibson and Walter Satterlee. We are pleased to notice that some of them are plain black and red copies of the antique, and very appropriate in design. The most ambitious of the number is a bunch of lilies painted on satin and mounted on a rough satin mat. White, Stokes & Allen send out a bunch of 'Easter Flowers,' and A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have two pretty Easter pamphlets.

'The Statesman's Year-Book' for 1884 (Macmillan & Co.) is edited by J. Scott Keltie, who has followed out the plan laid down by the late Frederick Martin. The work has been carefully revised since its last issue, and has been expanded to the extent of about one hundred pages. Six countries are included in this volume that were not found in the previous issues.

'Salt Lake Fruit' is the title of the Mormon novel announced by Rand, Avery & Co.

The eleventh edition of 'Men of the Time' is announced as ready by Routledge & Sons.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce for publication in April: Professor Palmer's translation of the first twelve books of the Odyssey, which will be printed with the Greek on one side of the page and the English on the other; 'At Home in Italy' by Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi, an American lady who has lived for many years in Florence; and a volume of short stories, 'In the Tennessee Mountains,' by Charles E. Craddock.

John Burroughs has written a forcible criticism of Matthew Arnold's views of Emerson's poetry for the April *Century*. In the same magazine Dr. William Hayes Ward endeavors to establish the claim of the late Sidney Lanier to a high position on Parnassus.

The following are the most interesting items of literary news received by cable: Sergeant Ballantine has written an account of his tour in the United States. It is published by Bentley. The life of 'Chinese' Gordon, by Archibald Forbes, will be issued next week by Routledge. M. Rouher's memoirs of the Second Empire have been submitted to the Empress Eugénie. It is an exhaustive work, extending from the period of the *coup d'état* to the death of the Emperor. The Empress sanctions the early publication of that portion which covers the first ten years. The latter part will be withheld for the present. The Memoirs of the Princess Alice will be published by Murray the first week in April. The book will contain a number of unpublished letters of the Princess to the Queen. Baron Rowton, who was for many years the private secretary of the Earl of Beaconsfield while the latter was Prime Minister, has nearly completed the memoirs of the Conservative leader. He introduces important correspondence of the Queen and Prince Albert with Prince Bismarck and other diplomats in regard to foreign politics.

M. Taine, for twenty years Professor of the History of Art at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, closed his lectures in February, announcing that his place would be filled hereafter by a substitute.

Prof. Alexander Johnston, of Princeton, is preparing a series of 'American Orations: From the Colonial Period to the Present Time,' selected as specimens of eloquence, and with special reference to their value in throwing light upon the more important epochs and issues of American history. Messrs. Putnam will publish the work, in several volumes.

'A Fair Device,' a novel, by C. W. Balestier, will appear in Lovell's Library in May.

Harper & Bros. have in press a new edition of Coleridge's complete works in seven volumes, edited by Prof. W. G. T. Shedd, with an index prepared by Arthur Gilman.

The frontispiece of the May *Harper's* will be another of Mr. W. B. Closson's reproductions of great pictures, 'The Belle,' by Titian. A striking feature of the number will be 'Dr. Schliemann: His Life and Work,' by J. P. Mahaffy, the historian of Greece.

The Hon. Lucius S. Huntington, ex-Postmaster-General of Canada, has written a novel, the title of which will be 'Maurice De Luynes,' unless he changes it before publication. The story is international and not altogether fictitious. It will be published by Mr. Worthington.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the publishers, it seems impossible to keep Mr. Blaine's book from appearing piecemeal. Large slices of it have already appeared in the daily papers. The first volume is already finished. At the regular percentage the author will receive seventy-five cents for each set sold, as \$7.50 is the price of the two volumes. Those who like to guess at such things estimate that he will make anywhere from \$100,000 to \$250,000 on the general sale.

Two new novels, announced by J. B. Lippincott & Co., are: 'Kitty's Conquest,' by Capt. Charles King, author of 'The Colonel's Daughter,' and 'A Wife Hard Won,' by Mrs. Julia Wright.

A. C. Armstrong & Son have issued a new edition of Alice Carey's 'Clovernook Tales' in two volumes. Messrs. Scribner have ready the second and third volumes of their new edition of Dean Stanley's 'History of the Jewish Church.' This completes the set. They have also ready 'Dr. Johns,' in their new and revised edition of Donald G. Mitchell's works. That amusing little parlor farce, 'The Register,' by W. D. Howells, which originally appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, has been made into a dainty book by J. R. Osgood & Co.

Richard Hengist Horne is dead, at a ripe old age. To the general reader, at least in America, only his name is known; yet, if only for his adventurous career, his should be a familiar figure in the annals of contemporary literature. Mr. Horne was educated for the British Army, but left England to enter the Mexican Navy. At the close of the war between Mexico and Spain he came to the United States, where he visited the Huron, Oneida, Mohawk, and other Indian tribes, and had two ribs broken beneath the cataract at Niagara. He was wrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and went to England on a timber ship, which took fire after a mutiny. On reaching England he devoted himself to a literary life, producing several tragedies and the epic 'Orion,' which has reached ten editions. In 1852 he went to the gold fields of Australia, where he was commander of the Gold Escort, a 'kind of wild-bush horsemen.' He was commissioner in charge of gold fields, a magistrate and mining registrar. He was one of the champion swimmers of Australia, and a great athlete. In 1872 he returned to England, and has since published several new editions of his tragedies and a volume of Bible tragedies, besides writing frequently for the reviews and magazines. Beaconsfield made him a Civil List pensioner in 1874. He competed for the Calderon centenary prize offered by the Royal Spanish Academy. For some technical reason the prize was not awarded to any one, but Mr. Horne received a medal accompanied by a complimentary letter. Among his volumes are: 'The Dreamer and the Worker,' a novel; 'Prometheus, the Fire-Bringer,' a lyrical drama; 'Australian Facts and Prospects,' and 'Judas Iscariot,' a mystery play. To popularize his 'Orion,' he issued a fabulously cheap edition, instructing the publisher, however, not to sell a copy of the book to any one who put the accent elsewhere than on the second syllable, in pronouncing the title of the poem! Two pages of the April number of *Harper's Monthly* are filled with a characteristic bit of blank verse by Mr. Horne: 'The Good Samaritan: A Morality Play.'

The French newspapers have, at the request of some members of the Greek colony in Paris, abandoned the epithet of 'Greeks' which has been applied to gamblers ever since the Poitevin Count de Bellegarde unmasked the Chevalier Theodore Apoulos at a party of lansquenets, in the hotel of the Marshal de Villeroi, two centuries ago, and have substituted l'Abbé Prévost's *aigrefin*, applied to the banco men of the hotel de Transylvanie, in 'Manon Lescaut.'

General Loring's book on 'El Mahdi and the Soudan' is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. We have already had occasion to speak of General Loring as an authority on matters Egyptian.

Dodd, Mead & Company announce for immediate publication a Students' Edition of 'Rawlinson's Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World.' It will be issued in five octavo volumes, and will be printed from the same plates as their regular edition, and will contain all the maps, plates, etc., of that edition, the only difference being in width of the margin and thickness of the paper.

'Culture and Cooking,' by Catherine Owen (Cassell), is not a recipe-book, but a little work to teach one how to cook. It is well written and suggestive, and does give a few recipes; especially some for 'warming-over,' which sound so appetizing that we begin to wish some one would compile a book of 'varieties' for households where nothing is ever left to warm over.

The late Thomas Jones has the honor of being introduced to the British public by Robert Browning, who writes an introductory note to his posthumous volume of sermons and addresses. The poet says of the preacher: 'It was a fancy of mine that a younger Carlyle might, sharing the same convictions, have spoken so, even have looked so; but the clean-cut Celtic features, the lips compressed as with the retention of a discovered prize in thought or feeling; the triumph of the eyes, brimful of conviction and confidence—these, no less than the fervency of faith and hope, were the orator's own.'

The Routledge and Macmillan editions of Emerson are meeting with a large sale in England.

Dean Church's 'Bacon,' the next volume in the English Men-of-Letters Series, is almost ready for publication. Mr. H. D. Traill will write of Coleridge for the same series.

The *Christian Union* says that a new and very promising evening entertainment has lately become fashionable 'in cultured circles of society.' It is called a 'Shakspeare Evening.' 'A suitable play is selected, and enough guests are invited to apportion a character to each, who sit round the room and read the play in this manner. Of course, each person asked is informed beforehand what part his, or hers, will be; and there is no appeal from the decision of the hostess, who naturally endeavors to cast them suitably.'

In the April *Magazine of Art* Mr. Grazebrook continues his description of 'The Country of Millet,' which he makes graphic with eleven illustrations. Millet did not have to go far for his studies: they were right at hand. 'He used to come round, pencil in hands,' said an old woman, who remembered his early days, to Mr. Grazebrook. 'He talked little, and always seemed thinking about things far away.' If he was thinking about the public recognition of his own genius he was indeed thinking of something very far away.

The March number of *The Princeton Review* is the most generally readable number of this periodical we have seen in a long time. There is not an article in it that has not some timely interest. Professor George P. Fisher opens it with a fairminded discussion of the study of Greek in colleges. He argues that it is not so important to-day as in days past, but that it is still essential to a complete, a 'liberal,' culture. Mr. Henry Marquand states his views on 'The Tariff on Works of Art,' and advocates the abolition of this public nuisance. Professor Boyesen's paper on 'The Modern German Novel' is especially interesting, the subject being one that he thoroughly understands.

### The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS.

No. 627.—In *The Nation* for Feb. 7, reference is made, in the article on 'Doctors in Court,' to an English novelist who attempted to expose the

evils of shutting up any person as a lunatic on the certificate of two or three doctors. What novelist is referred to, and what is the name of the work?

TORRINGTON, CONN. G. W. COLE.  
[We have not read the article referred to, but presume the reference was to 'Hard Cash,' by Charles Reade.]

No. 628.—1. Whence comes the proverb, 'Actions speak louder than words?' 2. What is Rosa Bonheur's usual place of residence, and what is her present address?

GOUVERNEUR, N. Y.

T. B. MACKAY.

No. 629.—Where does May Agnes Fleming the novelist live, and do her novels first appear as serials? If so, in what paper?

HOOSACK FALLS, N. Y.

H. L. M.

[May Agnes Fleming *did* live in Brooklyn, N. Y., but she has been dead for several years. Her stories were published serially in *The New York Weekly*, and in book-form by G. W. Carleton & Co. New ones bearing her name have appeared since her death, and still continue to appear—a circumstance which we have never heard explained.]

No. 630.—Please inform me where I can obtain Bishop Meade's 'Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia,' and at what price.

TOWER HILL, VA.

F. RANDOLPH.

No. 631.—Do you know of any work treating of angels except Whately's? If so, by whom published?

EXETER, N. H.

CHRIS.

No. 632.—What is meant by 'Damien's bed of steel,' in the second line from the last of Goldsmith's 'Traveller'? What is meant in Jean Ingelow's 'High Tide' by 'The Brides of Enderby'? Was there anything special in the melody that caused it to be used as a danger-signal? If so, what was it? Why was the melody so named?

WEST CHESTER, PA.

A. S. W.

No. 633.—In Macaulay's review of Ranke's 'History of the Popes' what is meant by 'the prophecies of Brothers and the miracle of Prince Hohenlohe' (Essays, Vol. IV., pp. 306-7, Riverside Edition.)

NEW YORK CITY.

N.

No. 634.—I should be greatly obliged if some one would tell me what truth there is in the assertion that a short story signed by John Hay and called 'The Blood-Seedling' contains the germ of 'The Breadwinners' and settles the authorship question.

['The Blood-Seedling' was recently republished in the San Francisco *Argonaut*. A copy of the paper containing it will afford the best answer to your question.]

No. 635.—I should like to exchange four volumes of *GOOD LITERATURE* (running from Vol. II., No. 38, when it first appeared in quarto form, until the time of its consolidation with *THE CRITIC*) for some of Newman's, Emerson's, or other standard writers' works.

LOCK BOX 26, PITTSBURGH, PA.

M. J. H.

No. 636.—Who was the author of 'Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism,' published anonymously in England ten or a dozen years ago? It has been reprinted in this country by R. Worthington of New York. The same author, at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, published a very ingenious account of the attitude of England in the quarrel, under the title of 'The Fight in Dame Europa's School.'

ADAMS, MASS.

W. P. BECKWITH.

['Dame Europa's School' was written by H. W. Pullen. There is no reference to 'Modern Christianity' in any of our representative trade or library catalogues. Try A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.]

No. 637.—In his essay on Warren Hastings, describing the audience present at the opening of the impeachment trial, Macaulay says: 'There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay.' 'Who is the beautiful mother' referred to?

DAYTON, O., Feb., 1884.

L. O. VERNON.

#### ANSWERS.

No. 625.—The stanza is from a poem entitled 'Moments,' in Richard Monckton Milnes's (now Lord Houghton's) 'Poems of Many Years,' reprinted here in 1846 by W. D. Ticknor & Co., Boston. It is the fourth of the five stanzas of the poem, and in my copy has a semicolon after 'giving,' in the 4th line; and 'words' for 'word,' in the 7th line.

March 15, 1884.

W. J. ROLFE.

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